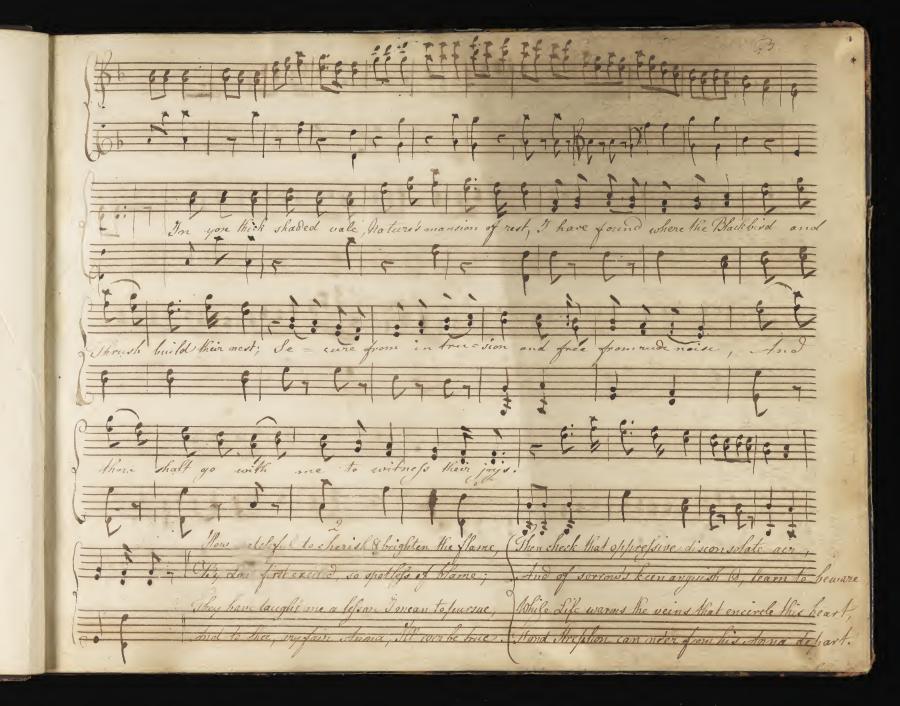


bookz (su puge 8) Anna Maria Fielding (c. 1810-1820) (later binding)

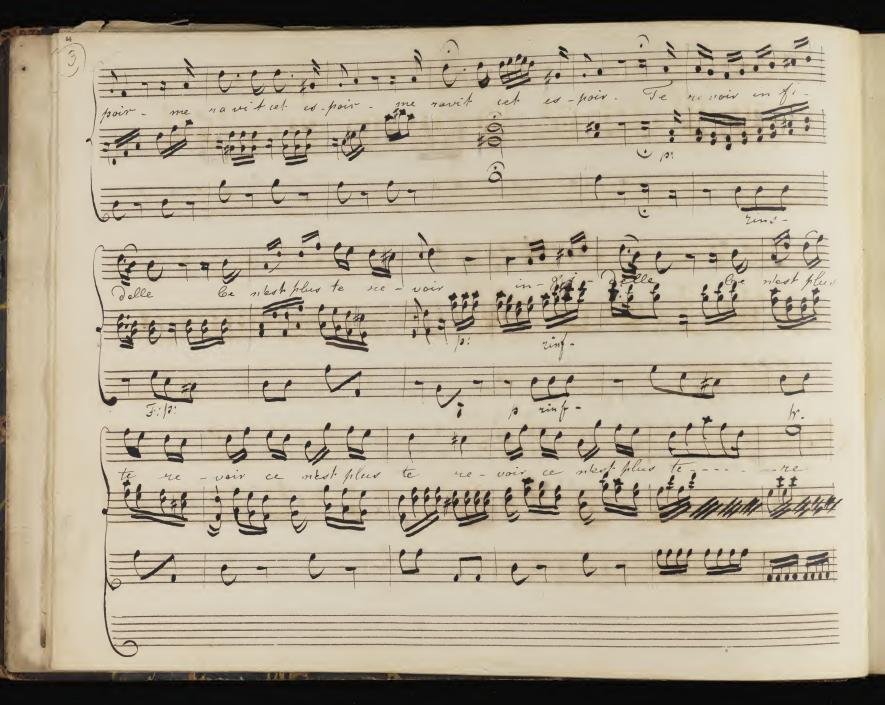
ms mus | 3 A4256 | 1







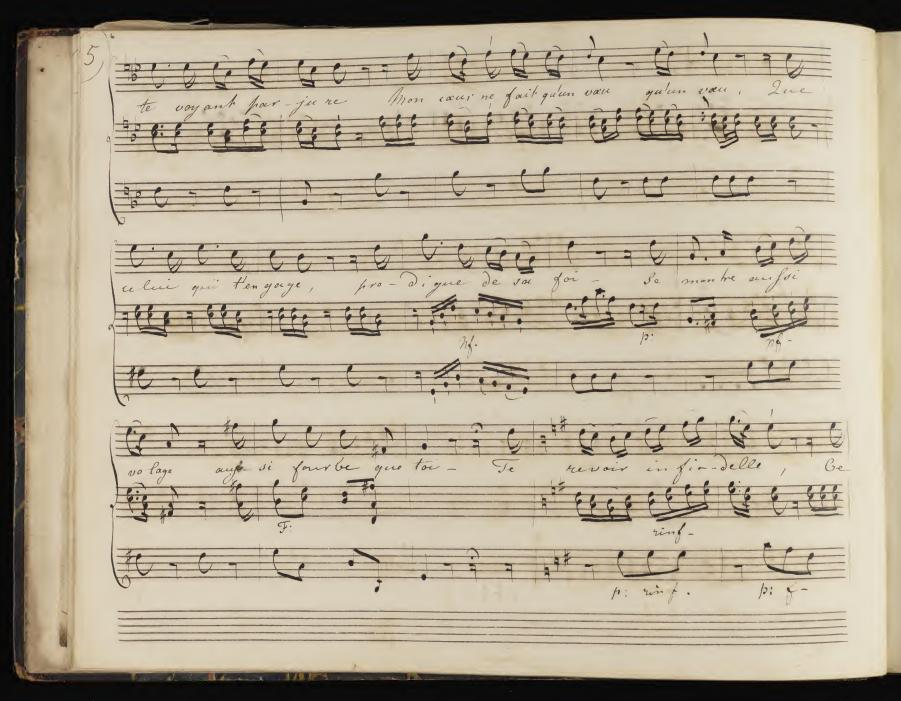


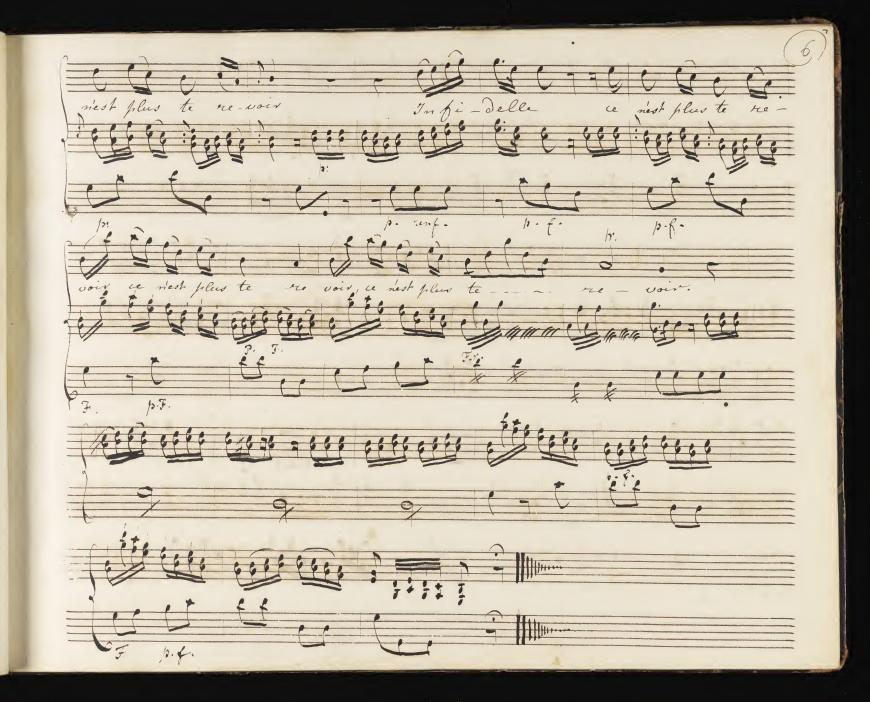


ne longue in posture pour toi ne fut galen-jew. pour toi ne feit gulen yeu - En te voijant par-jure En 

14.11

A



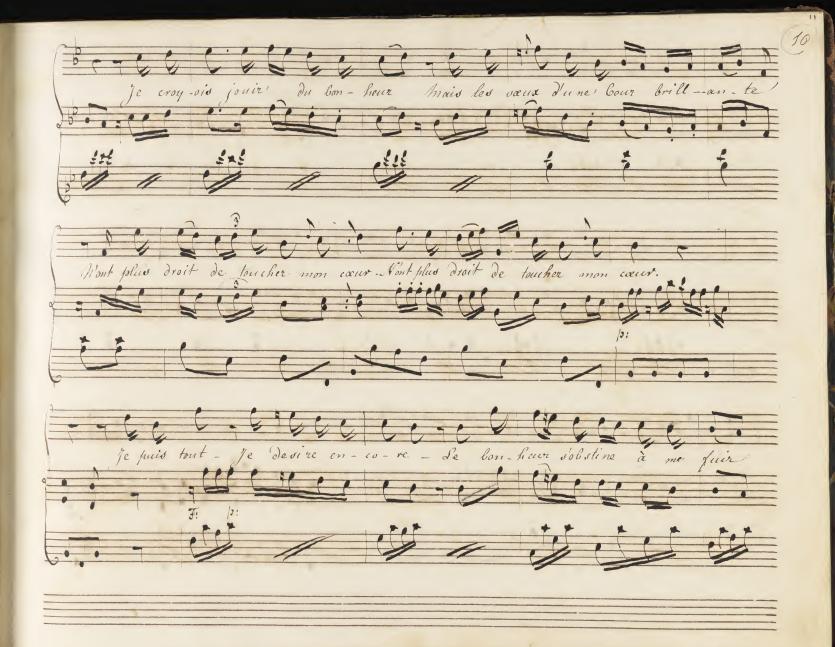


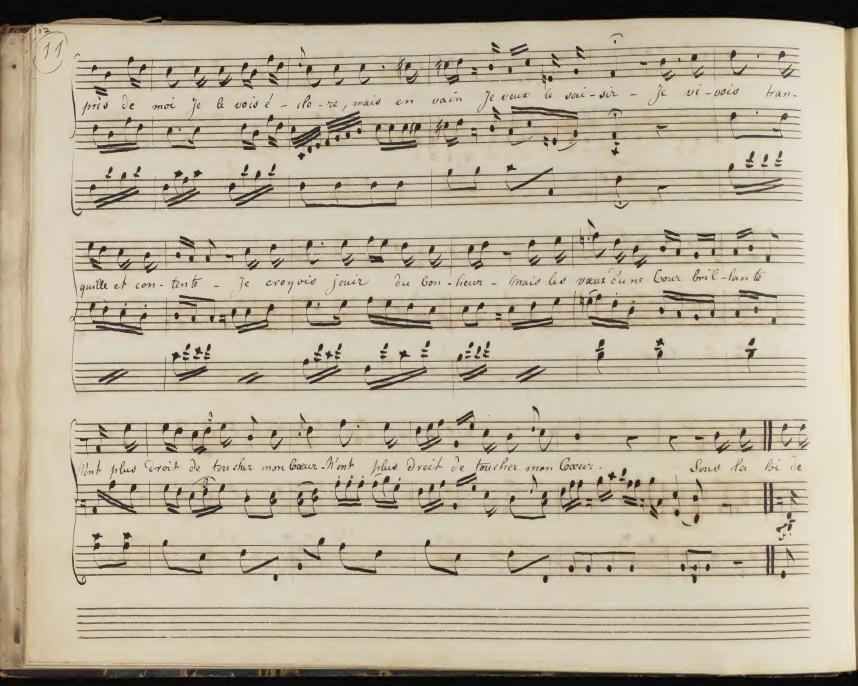
---

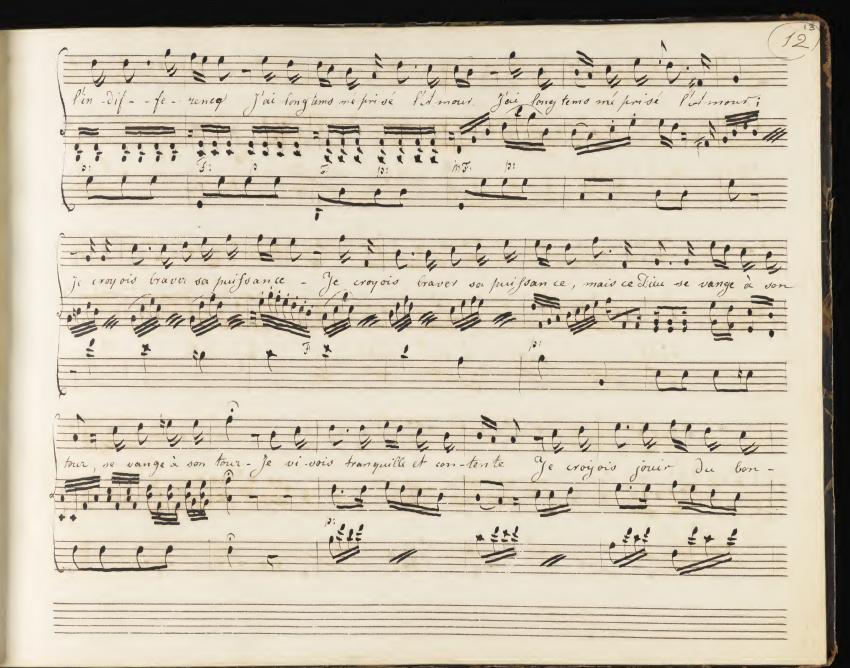
Sweet Nightingale Composed by M Dengle Rightin gale no mare conflin no more such bid soft pity more ette out the etter 11 - 11 - 15 - 15 - 15 - 15 -

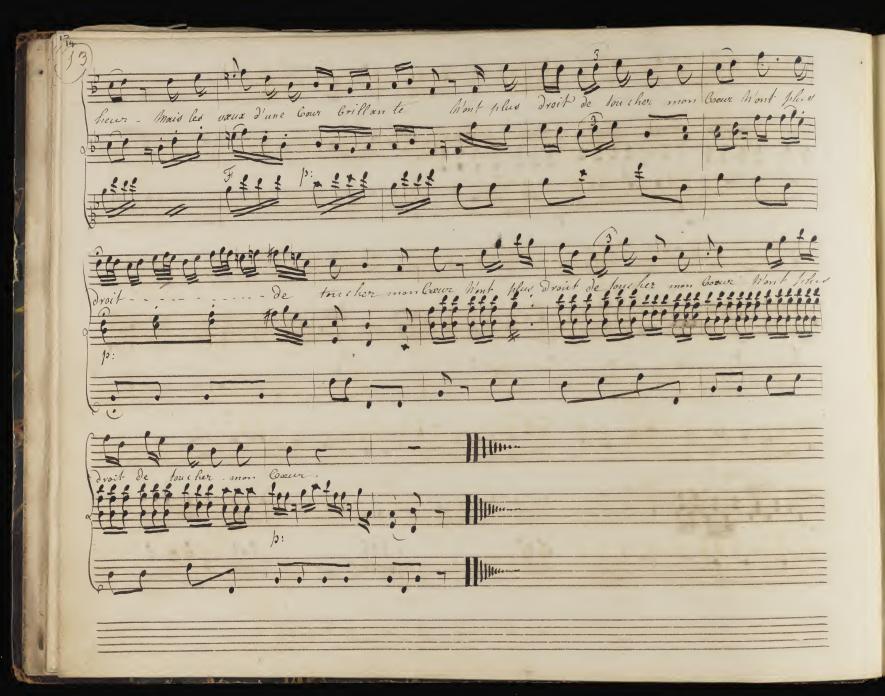
Anna Maria Fielding While blifs betides thy tuneful mate Tie mine to mourn condemn'd by fate, To love like thee yet love in voin. get ah! prolong thy melting tale, Each strain does well my quiefs declare, For my sand heart must e'er bewait And feed whom its for I despair.

Minoris tranquille - Accomp, Je vi-vois tranquille et con ten-te je croyois jouir du Con heur mais les voux d'une bour brillan - te Mont plus droit de touchez mon cour -

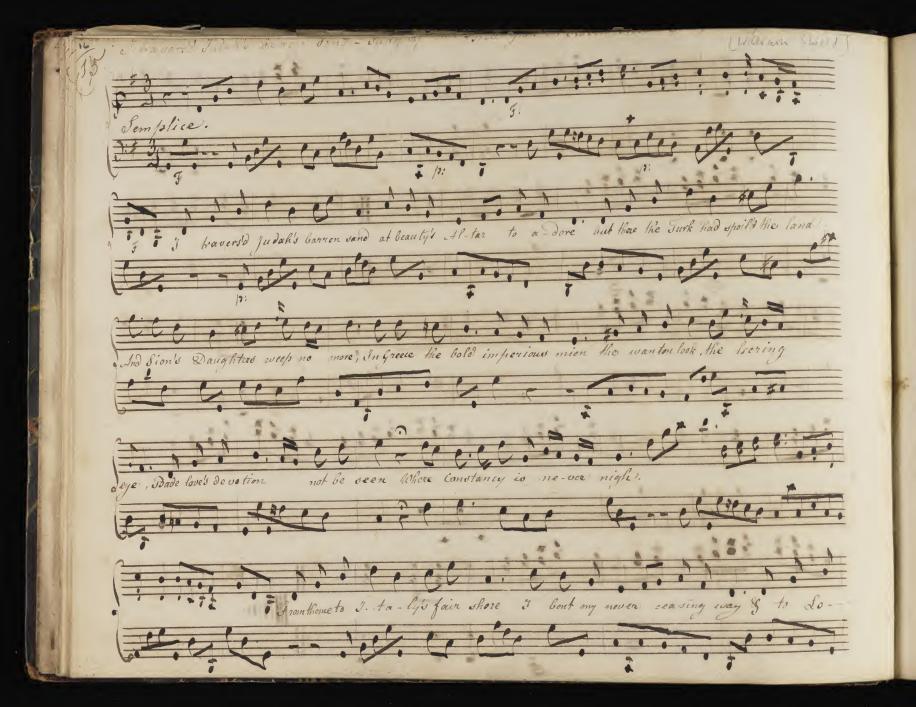




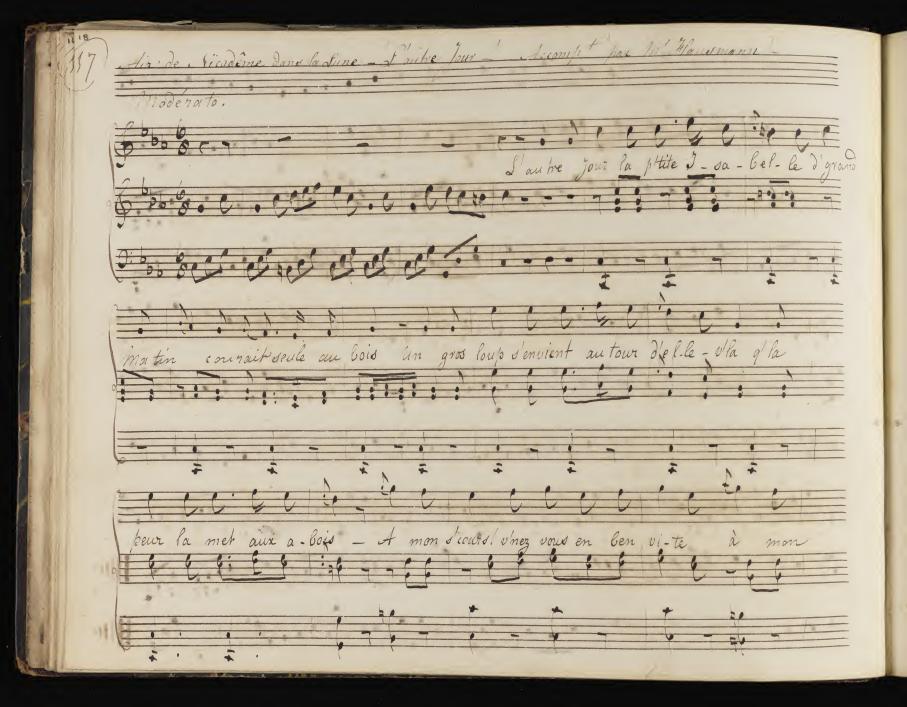




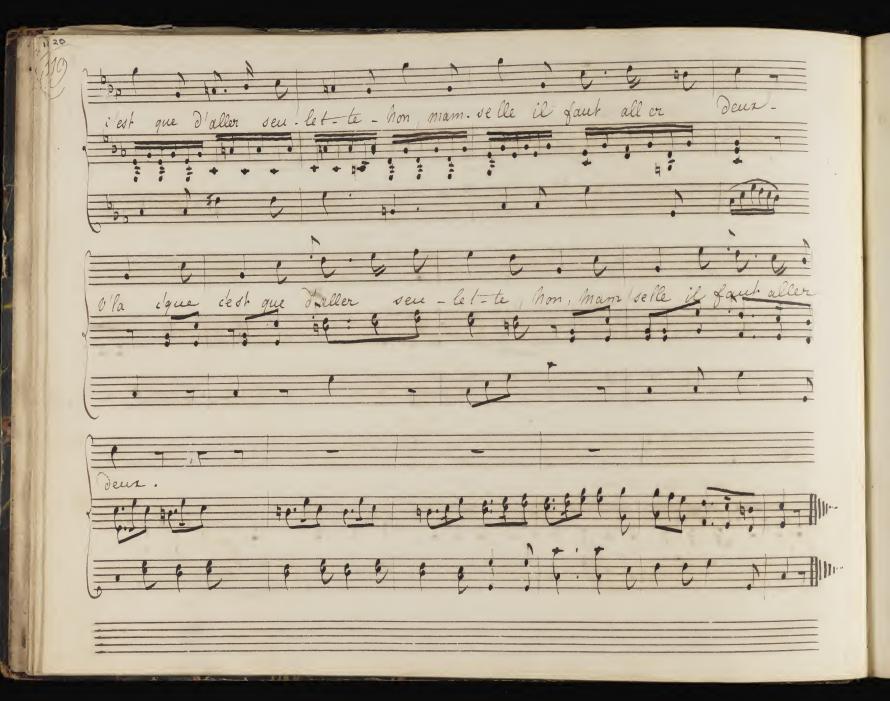




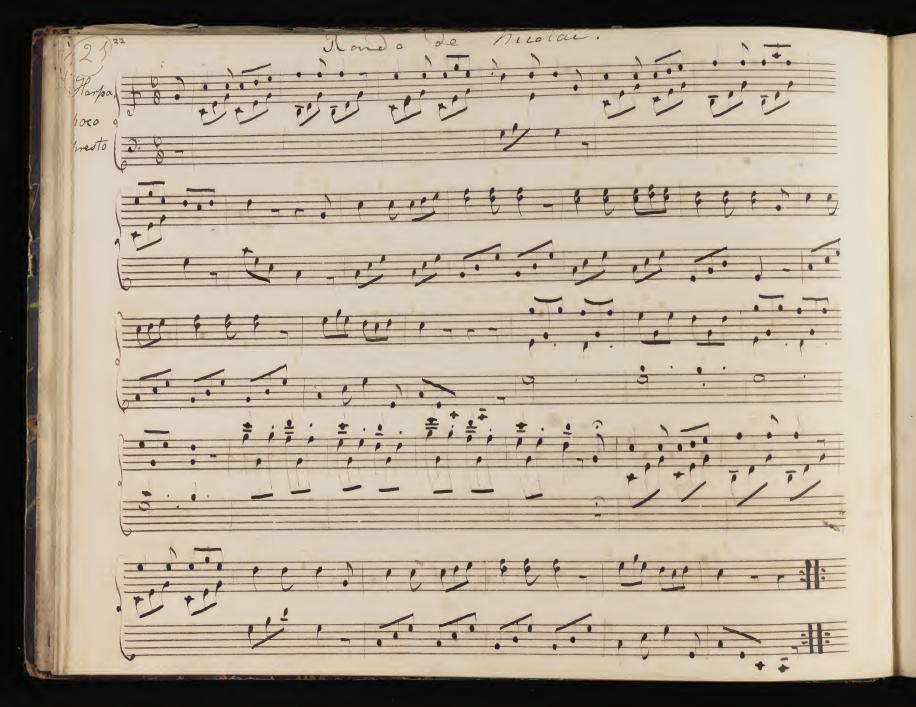


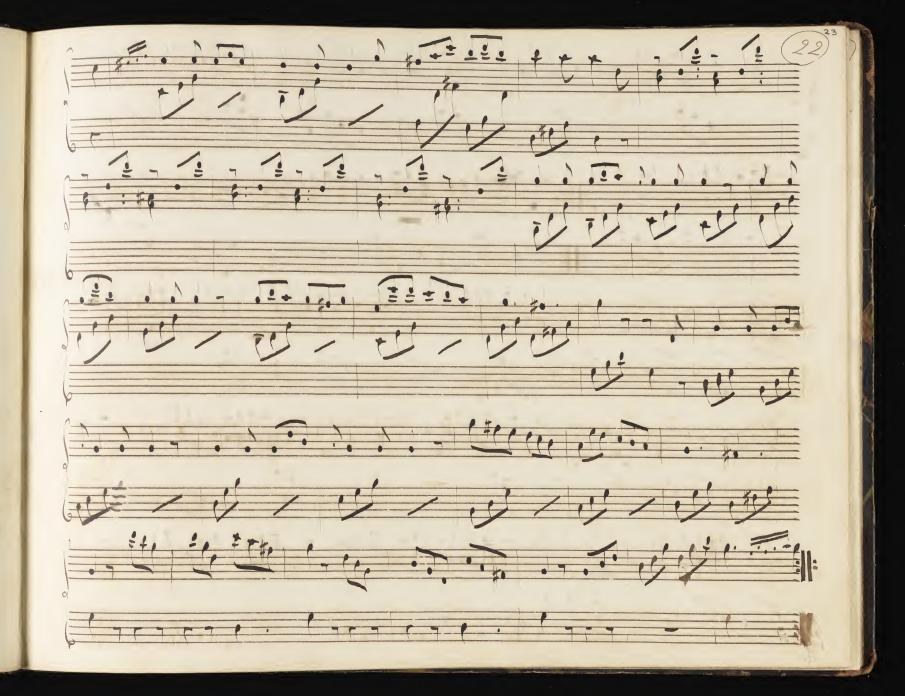




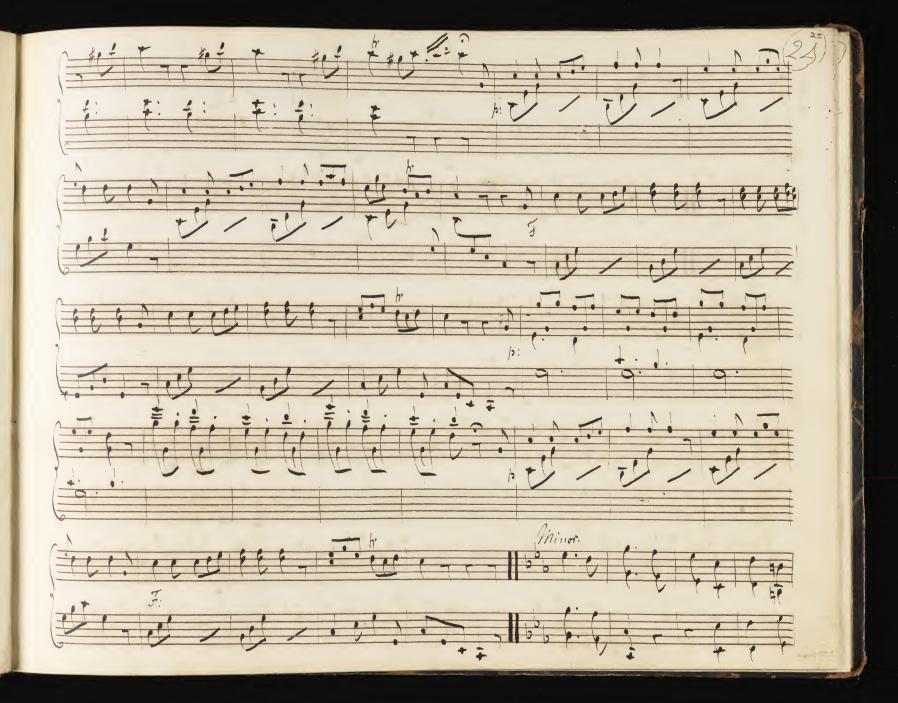


I loup s'enfuit, la p'tite Isabelle Na pas peur comme au paravant L'gyor Suas, restant aupres d'êlle Igais ben profiter du moment A mansieur quoi équi vous a gite? Ah monsieu! gulest c'qu'auroit dit ca La pauvre 4 tite ( lind Sucon ba ... Sa maman surprit la pauvrette Color s'avance en colore Juns chanter. et mai T'sais ben qu'est ce ) Lui fut honteur Si for visque d'aller seulette On risque enior plus d'aller deux



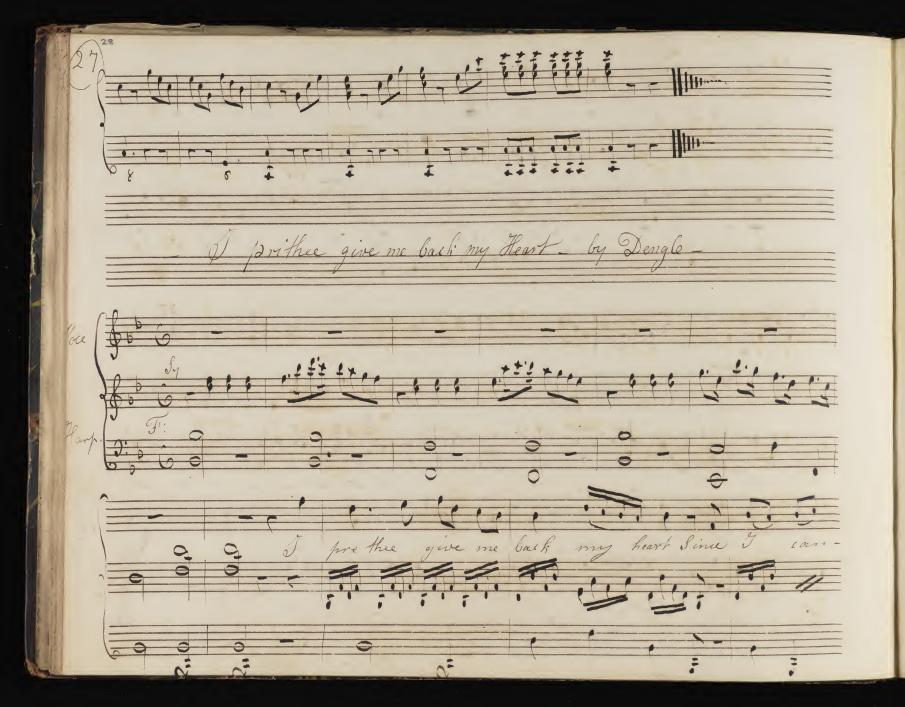


24 シャンミンキャ ナッナ さらか キャンご 2.3 0. 7

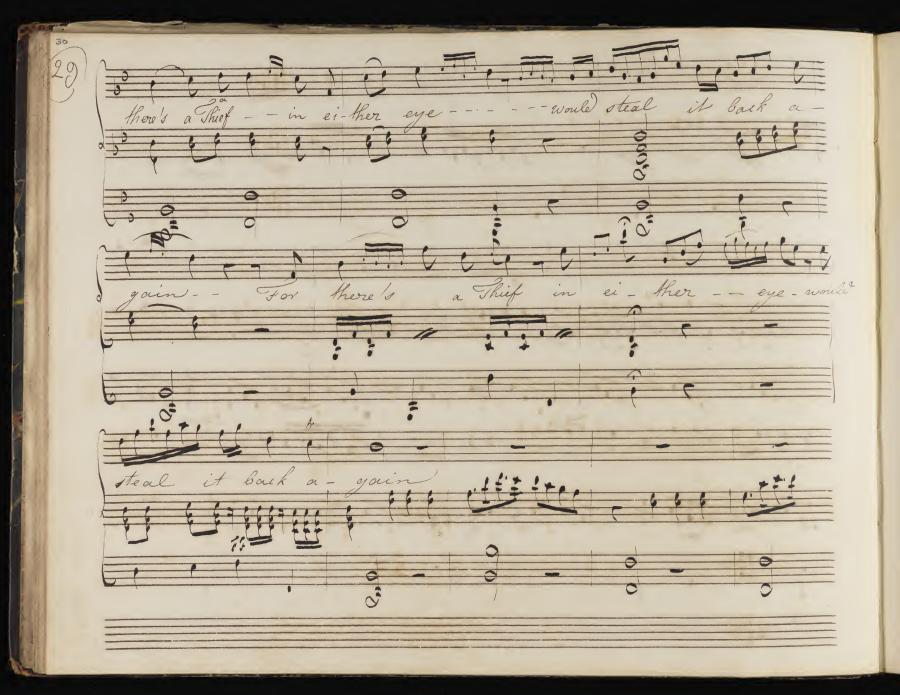
















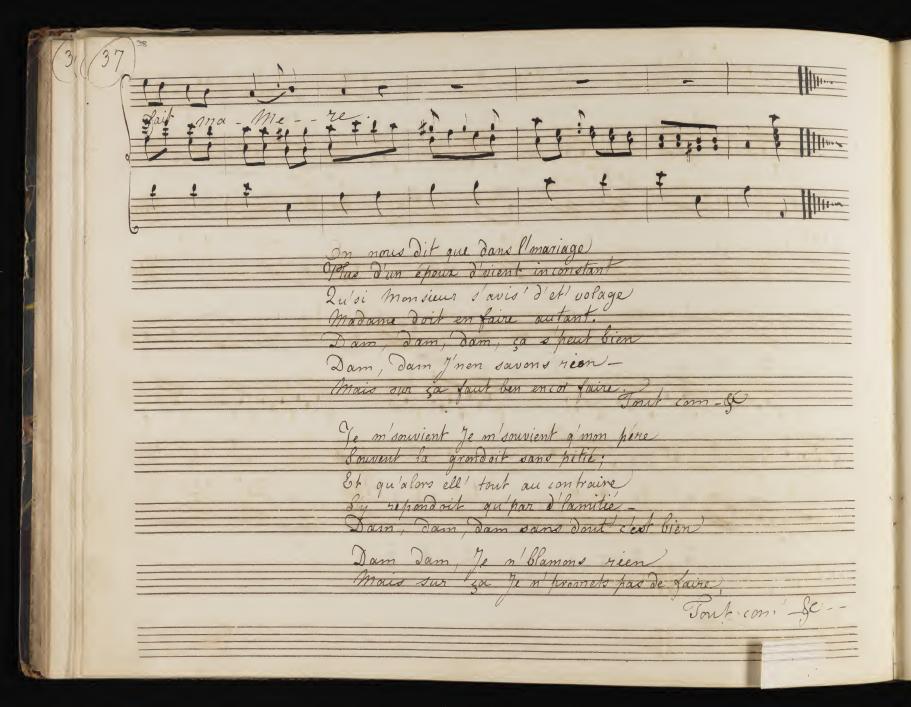


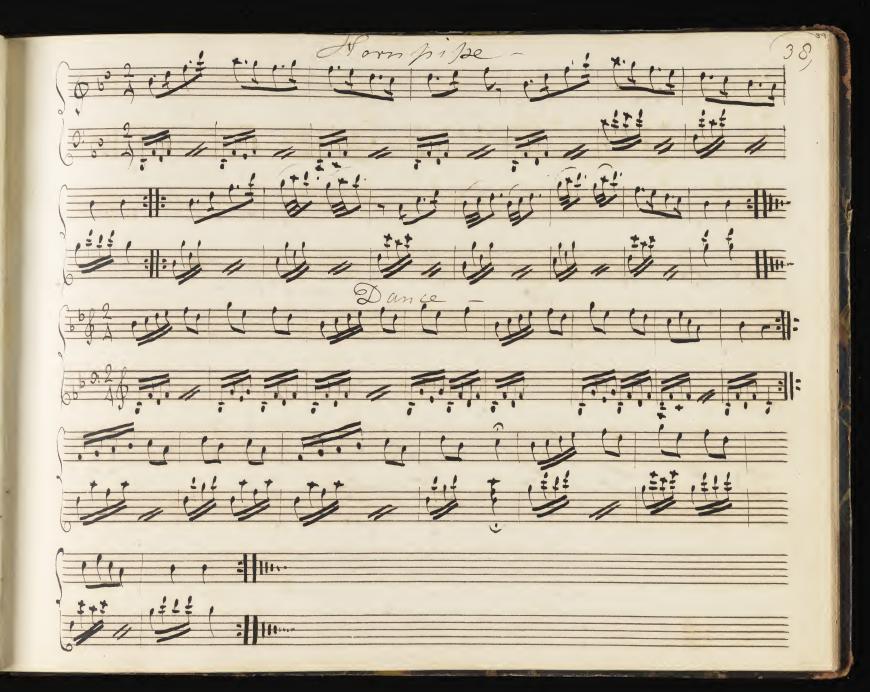






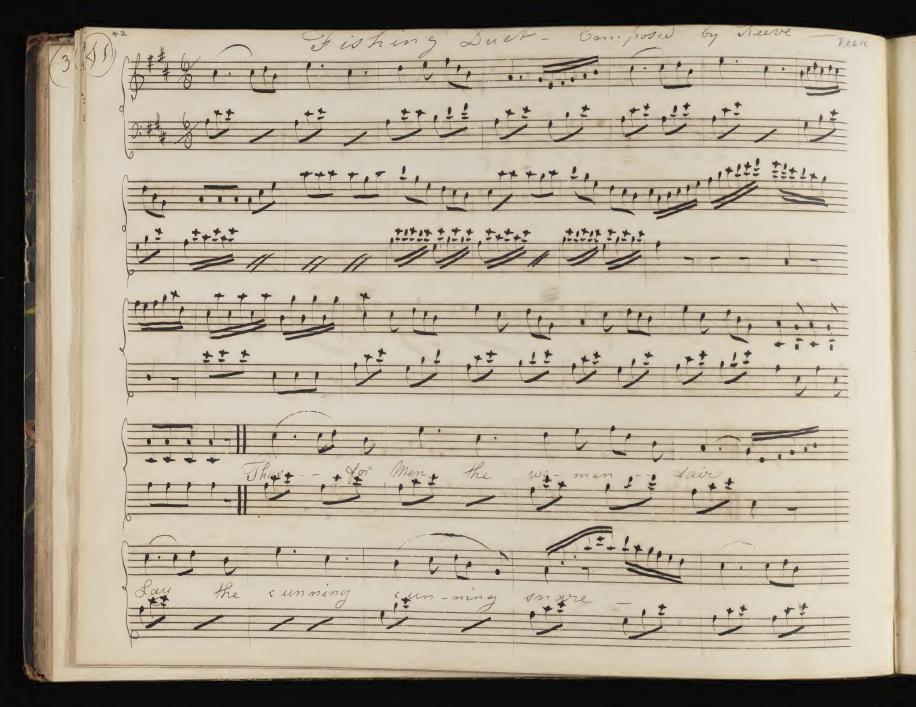












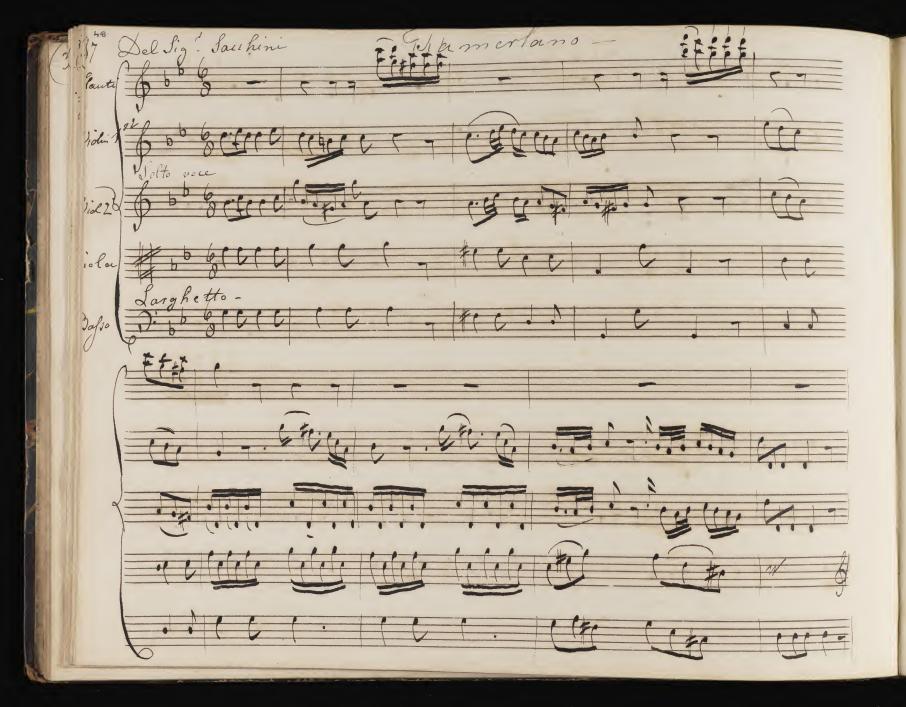
While like fish 43 eauty fall

but - the bait-Off - re-peny tee Beauty but - the bait what is Beauty What too late is Beauty the but Beauty but - the bail



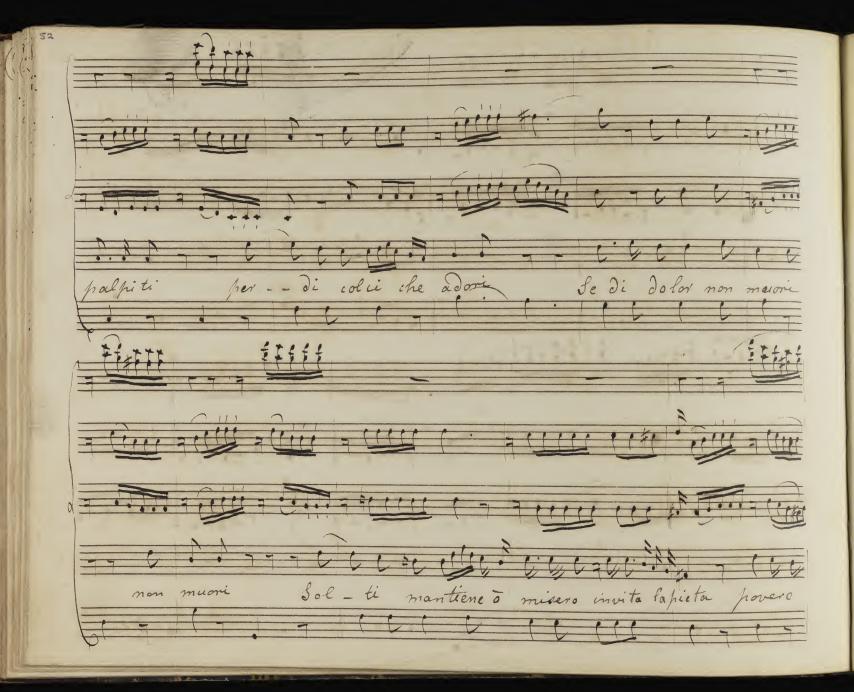
mody It surs landor by Antowe lawrent Kombron Since then I'm doom'd this sad neverse to prove To quit each stiget of my infant care Jorn from an ho-nor'd parents tender love; And drive the keenest keenest storms of fate to bear . In then for give me; pitied before park the then get give me pitied let me part your frowns too sure will break my sinking

<16 heart your fromotoe soon will break my sinking sinking heart 5:

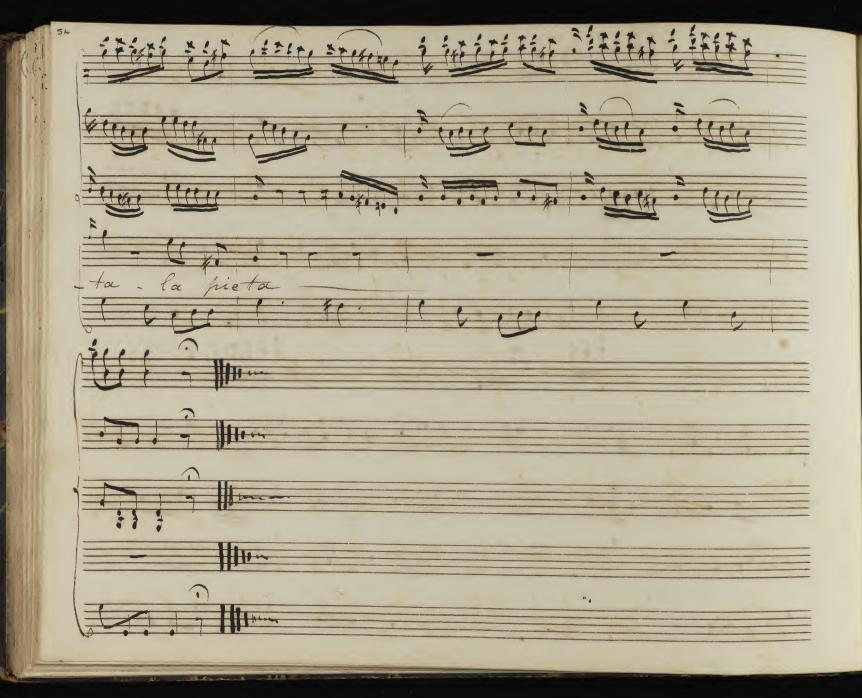


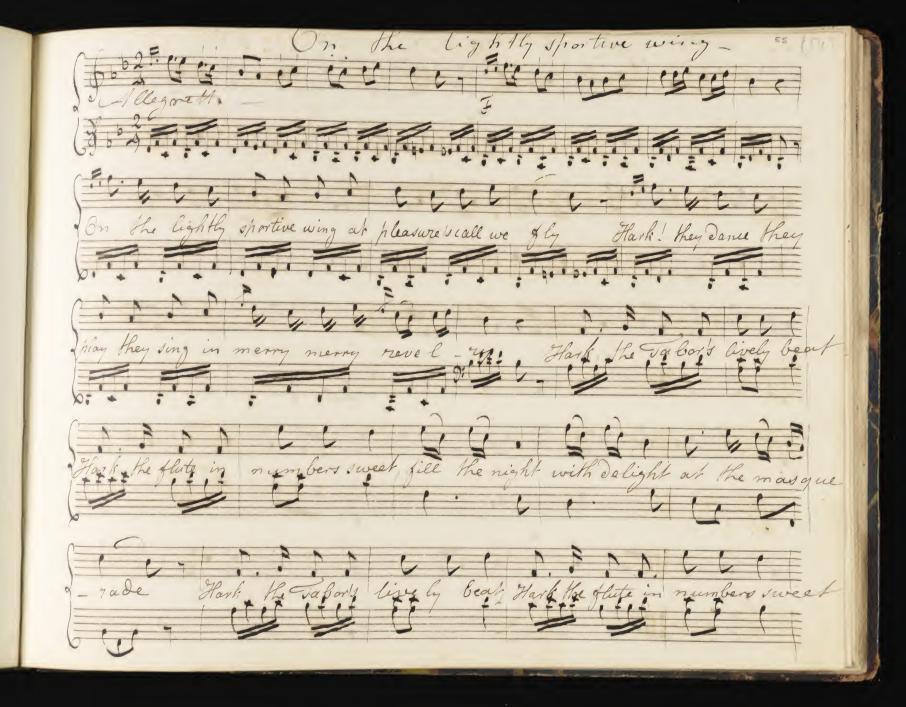


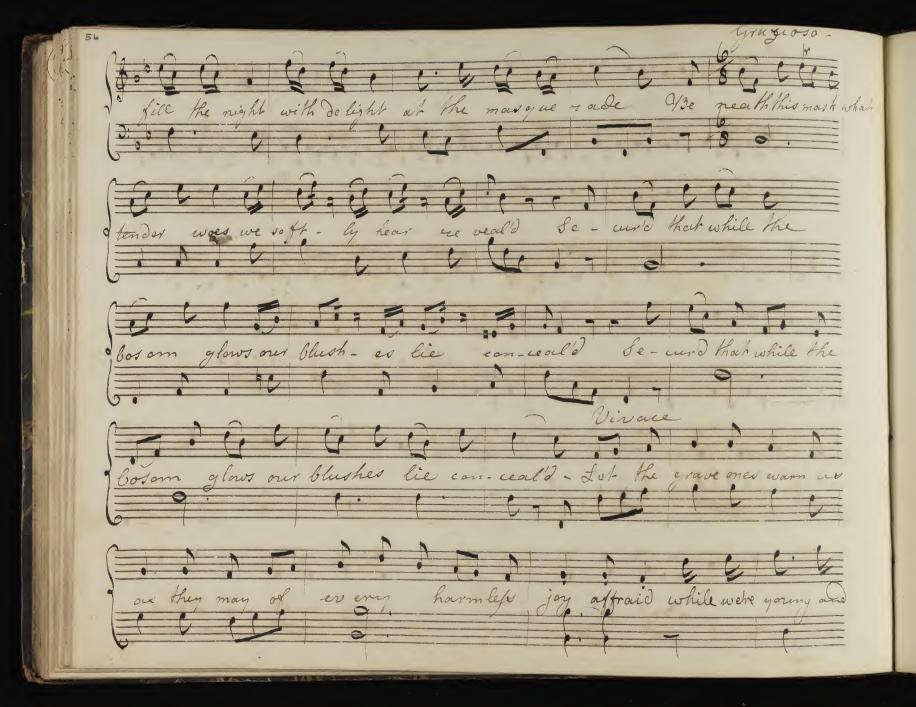






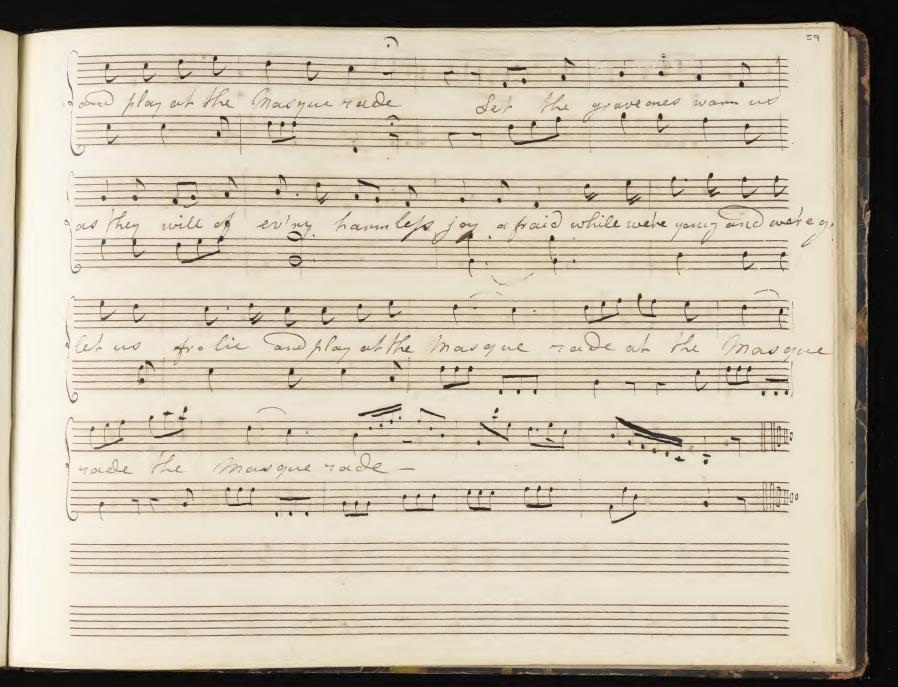


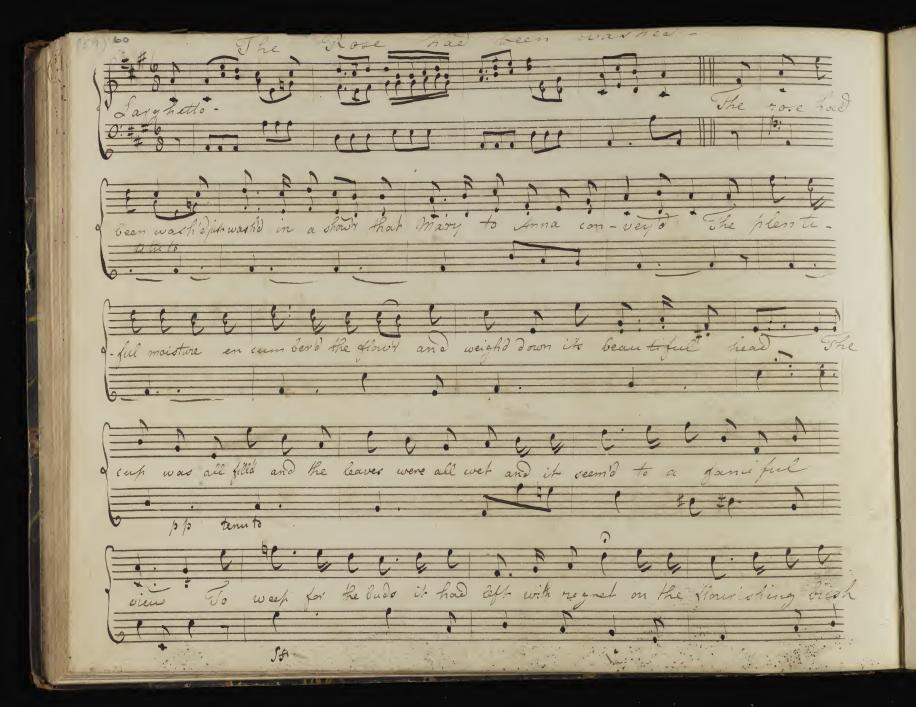


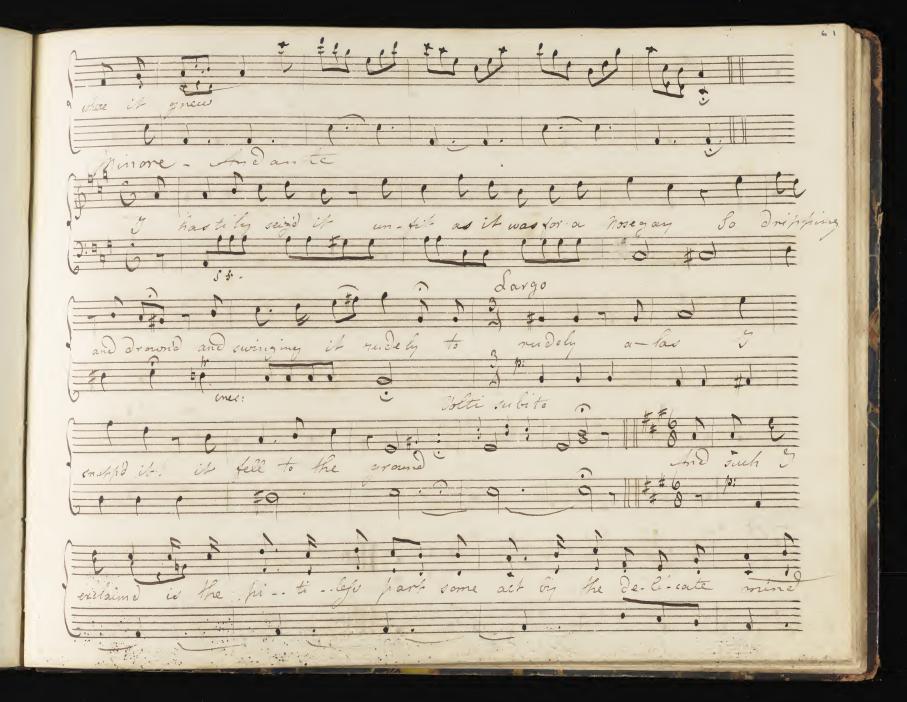


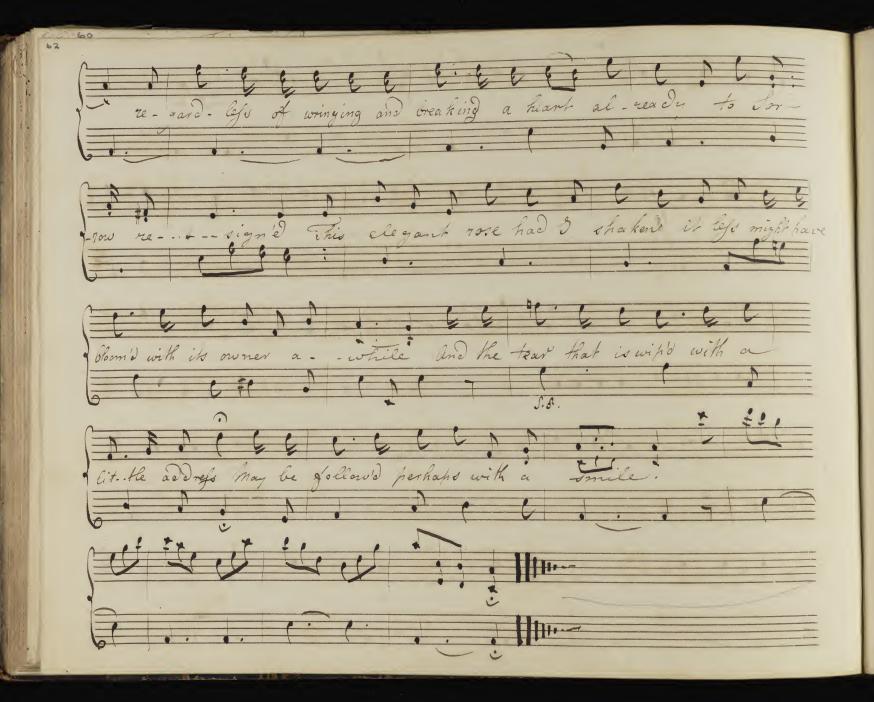
we're gay let us grolie and play at the masque - riade while we'r hat young and we're you leter frolie and play at the mas gue and the first of the first the Hither mips along a beau so smark dear heart pre tay lass this way soft soft stay here, my Dear; this a gov or Sis &

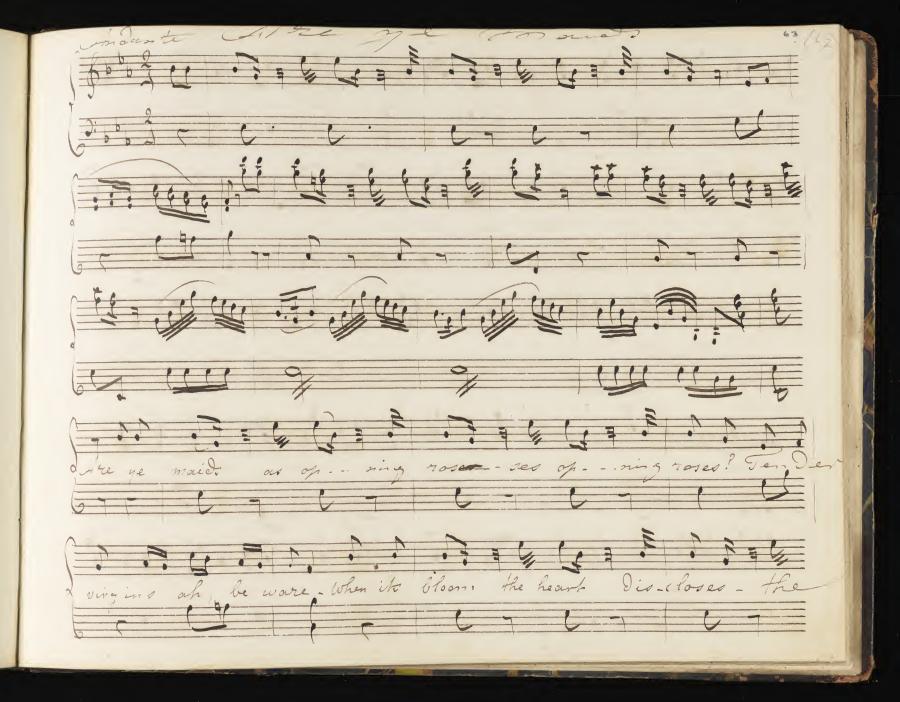
fier ban I must you what! a - lone with you a dien! Then as - mid the would we mix a gain and join the mothey frain Sch the grave ones wannes as they will of eveny hammless joy a fraid, while were young and were gay let us frolie and play at the Mas que - rade, While were your and were gay let us fralie

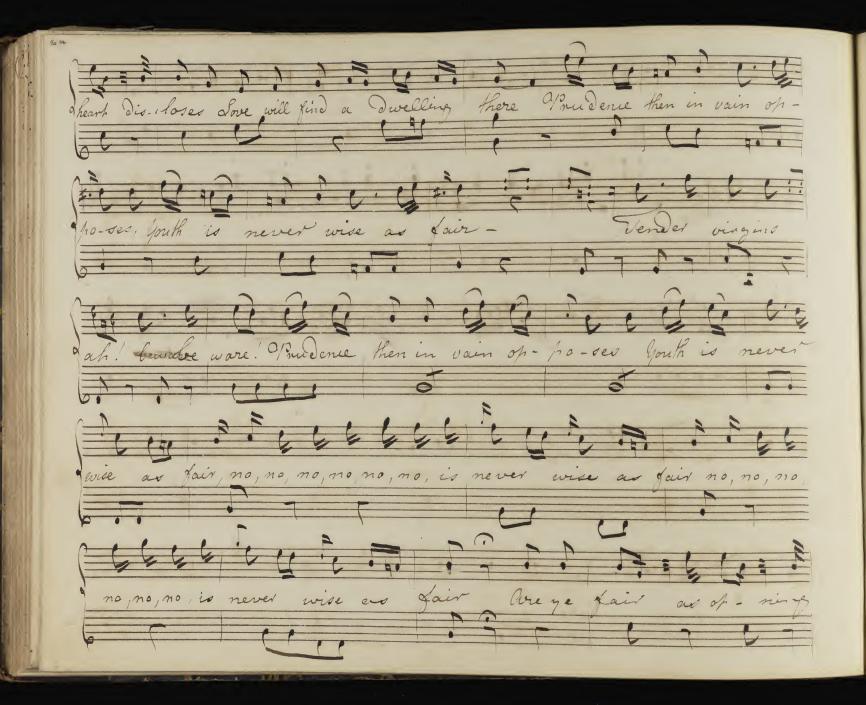


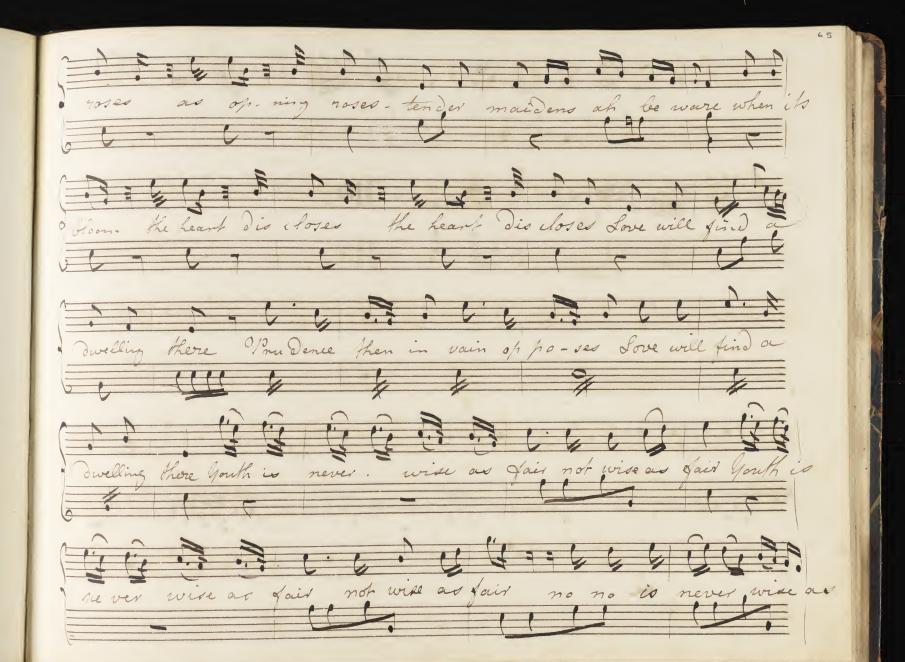


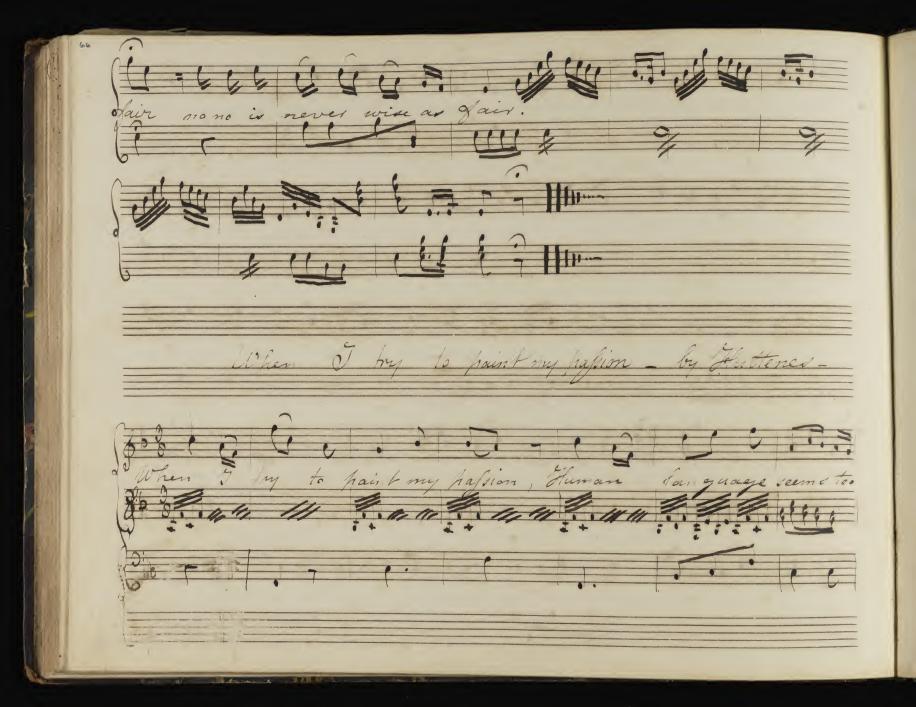


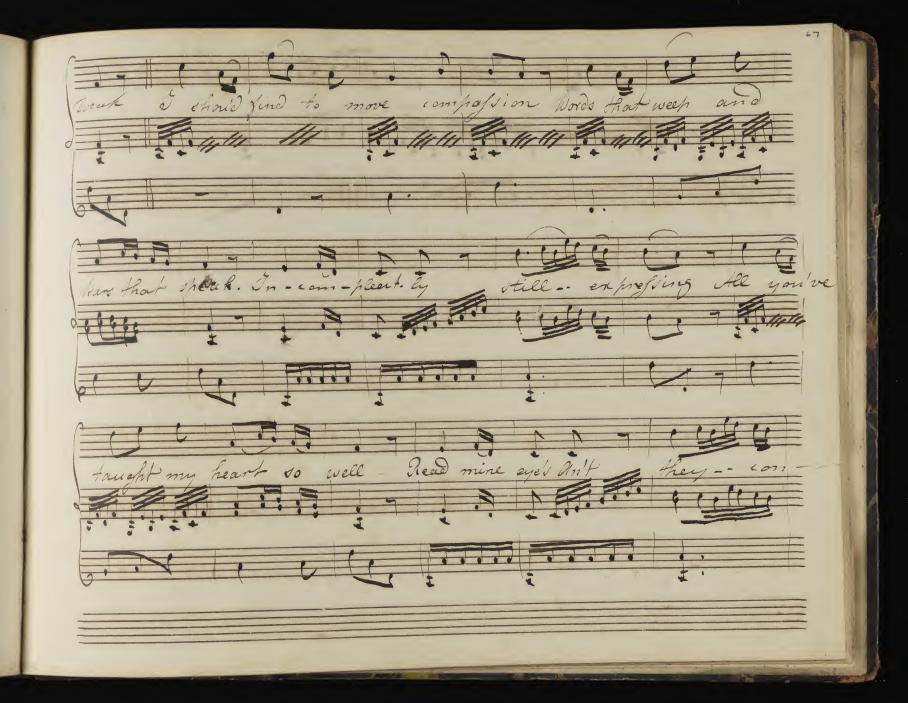






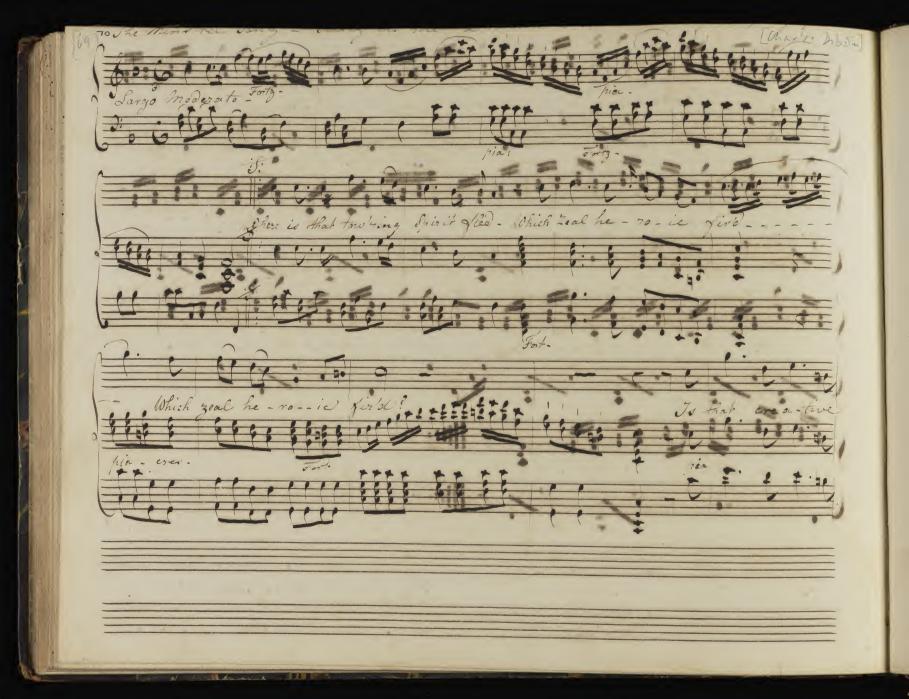






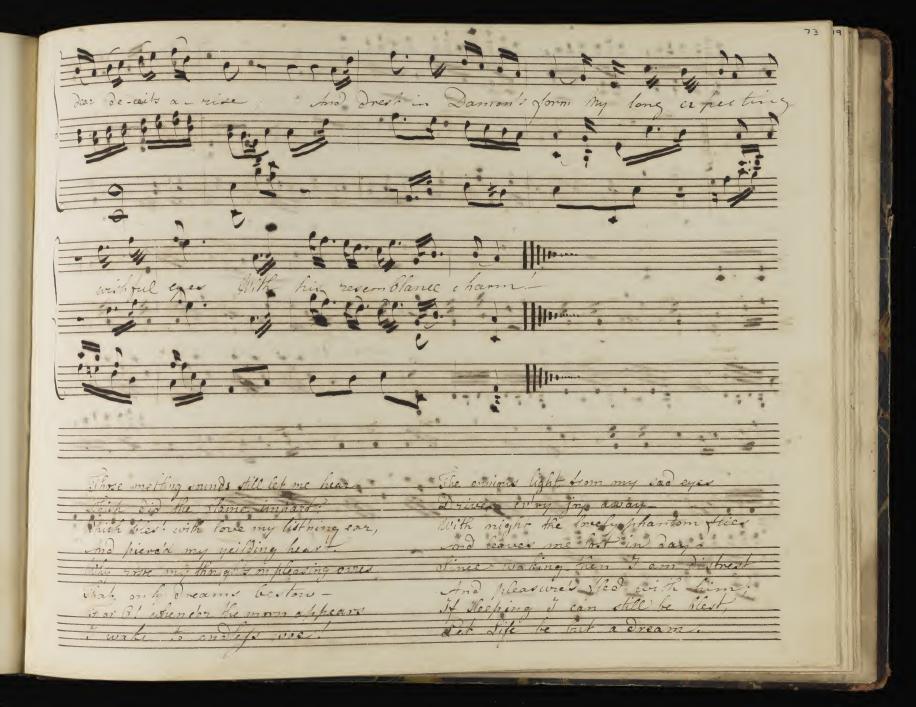
### It you truely could discover The sensations of my minds That would prove the real lover -I wendship knows of none so kind-When you're present, I adore you, Absent, sigh my soul xway; Grant one pity, I implore you Love, I fear's too much to say.

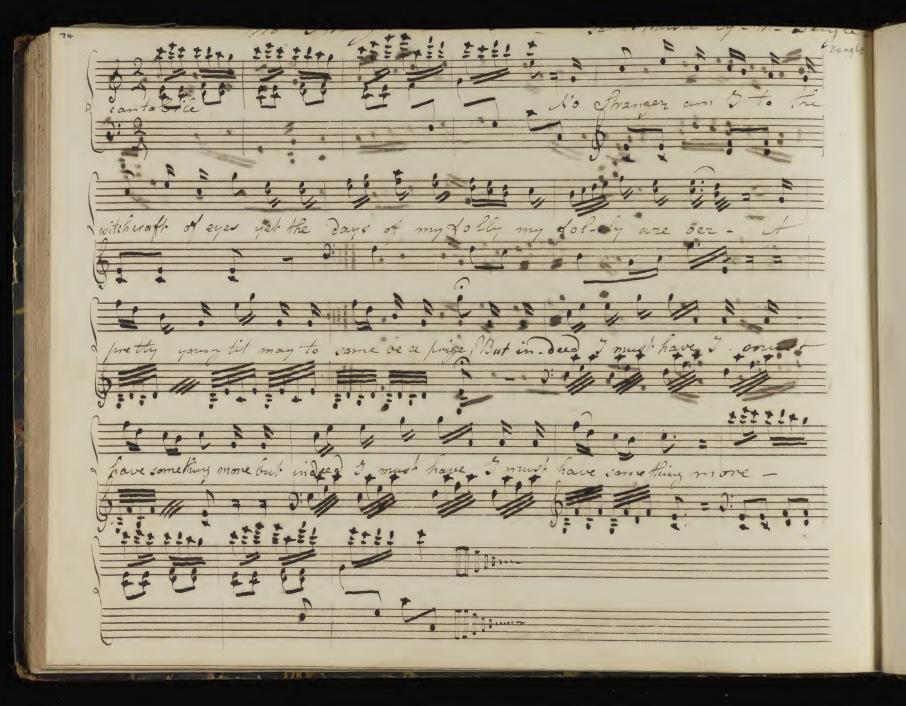




Come then sweet sminds for you slone it in griet's serwhelming tide Be have those senses turn'd roide, Restore his reason "is bosom wine turbid jassions shall retire The fore the minstrell art And the same hand that suceps the lyre I had heal the striken heart.

72 Voice rest; In thy em. bra -cer let me fore





It may thought breeding to dreft very fine Is smirk, grin and chatter aloud; But I'm a snug reque that love water in wine And thuse to keep out of the evoud. How different that flirting funtastical race, If form thee, my Amanda, of find; They know not that time that destroys a fair face Improved all the charms of the mind. The charity, portione, humility, buth, Air qualities brush divine! E'en age wears in thee all the hustre of youth the branch of good nots is think

